

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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No. 9

The pulse of the nation has beaten rapidly as progress moves forward point by point. Partly evolution, partly revolution it has been, but change undoubtedly. Obvious in the spectacular movements and creations of the modern spirit, it has also been evident in the most unobtrusive ventures in every phase of individual life. This spirit of change has dominated thruout the past college year. In the Student Government Association it has taken the form of fewer restrictions and larger opportunities and responsibilities for the individual. Decisions of the board were for the first time made public, thus making for a closer co-operation between students at large and their chosen officers. Thru the Y. W. C. A. has come that broader sense of universal fellowship—a world consciousness which is characterizing the thought of the day; and, looking to the time in the near future when the social needs of our little community may be more adequately met, it is making real the long-cherished dream of a community

house. But nowhere have there been felt more decided changes than in the literary societies. First, the Cornelians and Adelphians began to visit each other's literary programs; at Christmas they gave a joint program; and during Commencement the annual inter-society oratorical contest was inaugurated. Then the officers were made known,—after years and years of debating, as witnessed by the editorial columns of this magazine in the past. But the most radical change, that of the most far-reaching consequences, is the creating of the third society, the Dikean. Reverently and hopefully it stands between the two parent societies with a heritage of ideals to be tested along with every thing else in the new world order.

But tho the college is a mixture of organizations, it is more; it is a compound into which all activities are merged harmoniously. It is the spirit of the college as a whole that is most responsive to the test. There is a readiness, a willingness to do new and constructive work; to break time-honored precedents, when the dictates

of common sense and patriotism demand such. The students are thinking about world affairs and are expressing their patriotism at home. They are taking over some of the work of "men about the place," who are no longer "about the place." They volunteered to mow the campus for commencement. They had set apart for each class certain afternoons and certain sections of the campus for keeping them cleaned up. Following commencement, ten girls started work for the summer on the college farm, while the rest are going out into the state to do serious, constructive work during their vacation.

Thus have we changed, thus have we grown. But the listening ear of the modern spirit is still bent down close over the strings on which the college spirit finds expression, and is still testing, testing to see if it will ring true. We have not yet found ourselves, and the world is still expectant.

The cry has gone up all over the country—**VICTORY AND THE BACK YARD** try for "War Gardens" and everywhere people are answering. Shouldering a hoe and firmly clutching a bag of seed, each is marching into a certain backyard or vacant lot, there to work a transformation. The backyards and vacant lots have never before dreamed of anything like a garden—but neither have the gardeners. And so the backyard and the prospective gardener start bravely to work while the neighbors lean over the fence and offer multitudinous suggestions, are cordially hated by the farmer because of their utter uselessness. Recently, however, a brand new *useful* aggregate of advices and suggestions which have the ring of

truth in them have developed and been scattered broadcast by the various departments of agriculture. These have been put in the form of bulletins and garden manuals, which are splendid and, best of all, are extremely practical and usable. No farmer, be he novice or experienced tiller of the land, can afford to scoff at such pamphlets as "Home Gardening In the South," which is published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and is Farmers Bulletin 934, or "War Vegetable Gardening and the Home Storage of Vegetables," which is published as a home manual by the national War Garden Commission. These take up the planning of the garden, the selection of seeds, the cultivation of the plants, the recognition and method of remedying plant diseases, and ways of storing the vegetables raised. They are both to be had for the asking.

For some time, farmers have complained of the fact that they can not even secure enough labor to raise the normal crop, much less the great excess demanded by the Government. To meet this need, the women of America will don a farm uniform and take up the farm laborer's work. American, and particularly Southern men are slow to break time honored precedents. They are slow to see the justice of Woman Suffrage. They are slow to countenance the splendid movement for the employment of women on their farms. But even as England came to the measure, so will the whole United States admit women to their right and duty—the production of food for the world!

The college, as the leader in the country's thought, is now coming to the front as leader in the country's work. Many are setting the example

of "war gardens," by summer college gardens in which volunteer students do all of the work. This summer the students of this college are to run the college farm and in the fall store or preserve all of the produce for winter use. Through the long, hot summer days the trim khaki uniforms will be seen in the fields and gardens about the college,—for the girls are doing their *big* bit. Enthusiastic men *and* women of every community wake up and stir up more enthusiasm, order bulletins, seed and tools and make your war garden *now!*

Surprise your folks! Maybe Grandad thinks "ye heve-
GOOD EATS n't learned much with
knowin' at college," and Aunt Sallie wonders "just how you are going to shoulder part of your Mother's burden." Maybe Grandad's nearly right and Aunt Sallie has a firm basis for doubts; but let me give you a tip. You can have brand new things to eat every meal, every day in the week and can deliver a lecture with the title *Practical Patriotism*, during the consumption of each dish if you will but write to the Food Administration of the U. S. Department

of Agriculture for its numberless leaflets, sent free of charge, telling how to eat patriotically and incidentally how to have varied, attractive and well balanced meals.

"Goodbye"—a time worn out custom
that seems never to
GOOD-BYE be sufficiently worn
out to be dropped.

Those who kick against the pricks of convention along this line are good humouredly nagged and still—say goodbye as a matter of course. The old magazine board—since we were ever sticklers for conventionality—are no exception to the rule. Now we formally and in due time say goodbye to the folks who have praised us and to the many who have blamed us for the content of our poor pages. The new board begins with new spirit and enthusiasm to write on another page, and to build bigger and better things than we. Although jealously watching them stride over the molehills that were mountains to us, we cheer them on into the new year and say with the populace—

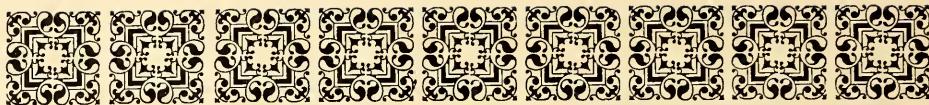
"The King is dead, long live the King."



Day-break

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

Awake! Black Night, the scorer is dead.
Shattered her spell—her victim, man, is free.
Breathes, lives a glorious Being in her stead.
Awake! Behold Night's child, Humanity!
Behold with drowsy eyes the child of night—
Her glory glows; dull, death-like dark is gone.
Arise! Advance undazzled by the sight;
And flinging windows wide, admit the Dawn.



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GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE, 1918

No. 9

The New America

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

Awarded first place in Inter-Society Oratorical Contest

When the American army marched for the first time down the streets of Paris amid the cries and shouts of that anxious people, the flaunting flags, the wild, grand music, and saw the little children there, kneeling in appreciation of America's help, it is said there were tears in the eyes of those stalwart soldiers. Tears of admiration for such undaunted courage; tears of wrath at the horrible slaughter, the unspeakable cruelties; tears of love for the helpless innocence trampled beneath the brutal feet of force, tears of pride for such a welcome, for America's fame. They saw the old America in its old chivalry, its old chastity, awakening from years of sleep, from half a century of forgetfulness, rising like a milky mist before their eyes. Above the clamor of the crowd they heard the sound of other drums, the might of other bugles, when the old America with knapsack and musket marched to Brandywine, to Yorktown. They saw their heroic fathers falling into the ranks, warring for Freedom. Through their pulsing veins bounded that same love for country, that same high inspiration; and amid a flood of emotions that surged through their souls they felt that the old America entrusted to them

the sacred cause of Liberty; that the old America marched again to war, war for Equality, Fraternity, war for International Justice, for Humanity and Righteousness.

Let us go with them, these soldiers of ours, who war for us on the foreign battle field. Some of them were once the greatest that we had, some the smallest; some the most powerful, some the weakest; some the richest, the poorest; some the wisest, some the most ignorant; some who labored for the progress of civilization, and some who lolled in luxury's lap, who checked the growth of a nation; but all changed now, in the same uniform, in a new equality, in a common purpose, a common love. The prince and the everyday clerk are brothers; the little sons of the rich and the of humble shop-hand stand side by side; for the battle for Democracy has already been won in the trenches. And under each khaki coat beats an honest and manly heart, a heart that has awakened, that has been purged of selfishness, that has been purified.

And we see them, these soldiers in khaki, optimistic, cheerful in every occupation of the war. They are in the camps whistling bits of ragtime,

joking, singing, meditating. They are talking among themselves of political affairs back home, of religion and God. We see the spirit of brotherly love and self-sacrifice in their hearts as voiced by the soldier poet:

"I wear a cross of bronze," he said,
"And men have told me I was brave."
He turned his head
And, pointing to a grave,
"They told me that my work of war
was done;"
His fierce mouth set,
"And yet--- and yet,
I have not won
That broken cross of wood."

They are flying. Up above the clouds, far over the enemy's line, we see them in combat as the enemy plane breaks through the mist upon them; and we see them then returning, after the mission is fulfilled, stopping along the way to leave a couple of oranges for a wounded friend or to pay tribute to the grave of a comrade. They are on the sea. The ship is torpedoed and is sinking; but as they grasp hold of the life-boat we can hear them singing, "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?" We see them with dash, courage, and skill defending the ideals of America in the very teeth of those German legions. We watch them go over the top. "Each face set," as Mr. White-hair has said, "as if carved on the living stone, as if in Gethsemane's Garden; and there can almost be heard the prayer on each man's lips, 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass, but Thy Will be done.'" The sun sets and the earth is dark save the red glare of bursting shells in whose glow the quiet stars are ashamed to shine; but war goes on. The torn ground is stained. In a shell-hole we

see a khaki uniform soaked in blood, a pair of glaring eyes staring into the face of heaven, a life slowly ebbing away in the war-furrowed mud. We see them feeling their way back to the ambulance along the line of whitewashed posts. Some of them are blind, some without arms, some whose legs are broken; but above the groan of their anguish as they are locked in the arms of God, doubting not the immortality of the soul, we can hear the gentle sigh of a blessed peace which comes to their souls from having given their best for their fellowmen. They are laying down their lives for their friends, and we can hear the last prayers of their hearts, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We see them in the camp, in the air, on the sea, in the trench, bleeding, dying in the mud, our boys living in the Calvary of the world for Humanity and the coming of Peace.

Back across the ocean we get the news. We read the casualty list; and from north to south, from east to west our hearts are almost broken. At times the clouds seem so dark we are afraid to read the daily headlines, afraid to know the truth. Then we see their bravery! We're filled with a new hope, a new faith, a nobler pride, a deeper love. We quit our grumbling. We're shaken from the old ruts of thinking. The spirit of '76 rouses our sleeping hearts and we band ourselves in a new zeal, working in a contented acquiescence in the Will of God as we harken to the cry, "To arms! To arms ye people, 'tis Humanity that calls!"

We see our nation undergoing a change. We see our political organizations giving way to a new spirit. We see as Mr. Wilson has said, "The

old party slogans have lost their meaning, for the mind of America is changing with the mind of Europe." It used to be the case that any man could get into any office, whether competent or not, if he were only politic enough to gain by bluffing the vote of the semi-educated and wealthy enough to buy the vote of the semi-illiterate. Some politicians, though perhaps it has been exaggerated, have not only gone so far as to buy these votes with the promise of jobs in case of election, but when there were no jobs to meet these obligations, they have appointed important committees to look into the matter to see why there were no jobs and their debts have been paid with the honorable chairmanships of these. But that spirit is dead in the life of the New America. The voter and politician alike have lost their selfish wishes, have lost themselves to find themselves in a bigger world, in a noble fellowship and have buckled together in honest work for the good of mankind. They are thinking internationally, and feeling their responsibility as citizens of the world. They are standing united for the ideals of America. They are living the glory of Freedom's cause at home; and no matter what the cost, what the sacrifice, their awakened hearts are saying with the Right Honorable Lloyd George of England, "This war will come to an end when the Allied Powers have reached the aims which they set out to attain when they accepted the challenge thrown down by Germany to civilization." Their country's need has spurred them to activity, has set them to putting our own house in order, has made them considerate, equal; has made them brothers.

We used to go to see the Sins of Society, expecting the same sort of pleasurable excitement that the old ladies used to get from a passage about the horrors of hell. There used to be a piquant charm for us in seeing our neighbors, particularly our most respectable neighbors, exposed as being at bottom hypocrites. We used to take a peculiar delight in spending our time gossiping, and forming new castes and sects in our social realm. But war and its sacrifice has made us see the world in a different light, has changed our beings, has made each of us feel that he is in some degree responsible if the public conscience is depraved; that his conduct must be wholesome, even in the smallest sphere of society, if he helps win the war. Sacrifice has made us stop preaching hell; instead is making us live Christ-like seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. And the New America, born out of sacrifice, is proud to have her citizens men like the man of Panama, who died of a mosquito bite that he might save the world from yellow fever, though his death was not known beyond his circle of friends and public grief paid him no homage. She is proud that her citizens are men like that man, who labor for the common good of all, in preference to the noble German who built the monstrous gun of destruction, whose death was lamented from north to south of his Fatherland, and whose funeral procession was four and one-half miles long. We see the New America, cradled in luxury, now turning from indolence, and co-operating in service, now sacrificing—her women giving their talents, their energies, their husbands, their sons, her men valiantly,

smilingly giving themselves—for civilization and the coming of Peace.

And amid the darkness of war we can hear the shriek of one final shell the falling of fetters, the crash of the shackles of Autocracy. We can see the gray dawn of a new day wherein is ushered the emancipation of men from the tyranny and oppression of the war lords of earth; wherein the armed camps are broken up and a feverish world breathes again the quietude of peace. We see a day when the boys come back to bless and build and revive the "homefires" which their valor and blood have so nobly defended; when the implements of war shall have been converted into the instruments of industry, when the thoughtless, the idle, and dissolute shall have learned the lessons of thrift and virtue, when

tolerance and grace shall abound, and fellowship, and charity, and the Peace of God which passeth understanding. We see a new day when men everywhere shall bow before Calvary's Cross and make grateful acknowledgment to that spirit which rides upon the storm and overrules the destiny of nations; to that Spirit which led the Pilgrim fathers to seek out a new land and which wrought a nation in a wilderness; which has gone and still goes as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night leading us into the blessings of Freedom, Equality, Justice, and Humanity. And it is that day that shall see our peoples purified, that day that shall break in splendor on a nation rediscovered, the America New-born.

Slumber Song

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

I.

Come little pal o' mine, we must be sailing,
 The south wind is blowing a cloud boat this way,
 Swish! o'er the tree tops, the dark swaying tree tops,
 Come little pal o' mine we must away.

Chorus: By-by, lullaby baby,
 Come little pal o' mine we must away.

II.

I see a star baby already a-sailing,
 Tucked in soft blankets with borders of gold,
 The south wind is kissing the star baby "Night-night,"
 And tucking its little pink toes from the cold.

Chorus—

Sail, little pal o' mine over the border
 Drift, drift and drift thru the land o' the sky,
 Shake the gold star dust on each of your curls dear,
 Catch the blue cloud drops for each little eye.

Chorus—

Last Year's Nests

BERTIE CRAIG, '18, ADELPHIAN

Awarded first prize in the Inter-Society Short Story Contest

A soft, light breeze blew gently through the bare limbs of the ancient elm. The snow had melted from the narrow, crumbling brick walks but still lay in soiled patches under the evergreen bushes and in the straggling boxwood borders. In the crotches of the elm soft little piles of snow lingered. The limbs of the tree waved gently, and as they waved three tiny nests swung to and fro. There was no sound save the soft swish of the wind.

To the woman on the stone seat between the straggling crepe myrtles the stillness was companionship. Her filmy blue eyes warmed as she gazed over the bare garden. The gentle breeze caressed her withered cheeks and drew a faint glow into them. Strands of soft, white hair played about her face. She pushed back the folds of the shawl about her shoulders; the sunshine was so warm and the breeze so balmy.

The cheerful twitter of a sparrow came through the stillness, and an audacious little fellow perched on the edge of the stone seat. The woman leaned forward and regarded him almost playfully.

"Ah, my dear," she spoke softly, "Do you feel it too? Spring—spring is really here! Don't you hear the crocuses stirring and can't you just feel the buds swelling? Soon all will be joy and bloom and song."

The sparrow cast an inquiring eye at the friend who had scattered crumbs for him all winter long. Then he

flirted his wings and flew toward a little lady sparrow in the evergreen.

"Yes, he feels it too," sighed the little woman happily, "I hope the blue birds come soon and that he will nest again in the old elm. Those empty nests! How forsaken, how desolate those empty cradles look!"

Through the quiet garden floated a cherry whistle. The little old lady hurried down the winding paths until she reached the picket fence. The postman bore down upon her waving a large, white letter. His cherry whistle died as he shouted joyously, "Letter for you from New York, Miz. Courts. Hope it's good news from Miss Allsion."

"Thank you, George," beamed Mrs. Courts with gentle dignity, "This delightful day couldn't bring any but good news."

"This is a fine day, Miz Courts. Feels like spring," agreed the postman with the cheerful familiarity of an old friend.

Mrs. Courts took the letter in tremulous, eager hands and hurried up the narrow walk to the house. She stepped upon the piazza and opened the heavy door with its quaint iron knocker. She hastened through the narrow, wainscoted hall to the sitting room. Picking up a slender, brass paper knife, she carefully slit the envelope and drew out the heavy white paper.

"So brief," she sighed, "Allison always disliked writing letters."

She sank into the tiny, wicker rocker and rested her head against the dainty, crocheted tidy on the back while she read:

Dear Mother:—

Will arrive Saturday to pay you a short visit. Have something of importance to discuss with you.

With love,

Allison.

Saturday was a busy day with Mrs. Courts. She was up with the sun, and at work. Since receiving Allison's letter on Thursday she and Judith had worked unceasingly. Everything must be made sweet and clean for Allison's arrival. Judith was a willing worker and admired her mistress extravagantly but even her zeal flagged occasionally. It was not so with Mrs. Courts. The array of linen must be taken from the lavender-scented presses and aired. The thin, old silver must be cleaned and polished. Every square inch of the house must be gone over in order to be sure that not one speck of dust marred the sweetness and cleanliness of it. Judith's spirit rose in rebellion while she patiently went over with a soft bit of old flannel every curving, spidery spindle of the frail old whatnot in the dining room.

"Miz Courts, mam," she asked respectfully, "What ever is the use of doin' all this work? Every spring in all the years I have been here we've done all this. Ever'thing allus looks jus' as spick and span when we begin as it does when we're through. Nobody can't tell 'at we've worked over it."

"Well, Judith," sighed Mrs. Courts, "If we didn't do it we could soon tell the difference."

The preparations were well nigh finished by noon Saturday. Allison was expected on the two o'clock train. Mrs. Courts, having completed her spring cleaning, assisted by Judith had prepared a dainty, appetizing little meal of just the things Allison had most enjoyed as a child. As the hour of two approached Mrs. Courts left Judith in charge of the sizzling browning chicken and hurried to her room to change her dress. Then she took her post at the sitting room window and anxiously awaited the arrival of Allison, whose last visit had been a hurried trip three years before.

At first sight of the majestic figure in brown swinging down the side walk, Mrs. Courts forsook her post and fluttered out on the steps to greet her only daughter. Her delicate old face was flushed with pleasure and her lips trembled with excitement.

"Allison, daughter dear," she breathed, holding out her arms to encompass the capable, brown figure.

"Well, mother, Allison took her mother's chin in one firm hand and implanted a kiss on the blue veined, delicately lined forehead. "Here's your prodigal daughter come home at last. Have you slain the fatted calf?"

Mrs. Courts laughed nervously. "Well not just that, dear. But Judith has killed a frying sized chicken."

Allison drew her mother inside and closed the heavy door.

"Mother," she reproved, "You shouldn't have come out without a wrap. The air is real sharp and you'll take cold."

Allison did not wait long before revealing her secret to her mother. As

they sat down to the dainty meal served on the exquisite old china, she opened fire.

"Well, mother, I guess you're wondering what it is I have to discuss with you. Well, I've come all this distance to invite you to my marriage."

"Daughter, dearest one!" Allison's mother fluttered over to embrace her daughter.

On resuming her seat Mrs. Courts poured forth a flood of eager questions in answer to which Allison told her:

"His name is Stephen Lewis, and he is a successful contractor in New York. I've known him for several years. He is about forty and has been married before."

"A widower! Oh, my dear!" breathed Mrs. Courts with wide, commiserating eyes.

"Yes," stated Allison in her most matter-of-fact way. "I knew his first wife—a fluffy, inefficient little creature, pretty in a childish, clinging way. She died two years ago, leaving him with two little children, Donald and Elsie. Donald is now eight and Elsie about five. They have been allowed to run wild since their mother's death." With the proper training I think they would develop into sweet, obedient children."

Mrs. Courts was not listening. Already her head was filled with plans for the wedding.

"Of course you will have a June wedding. Won't it be just sweet to have it in the garden? You can stand under the honeysuckle arch and—"

And impatient exclamation from Allison broke in on her delighted planning.

"Oh, mother, of course I can't have the wedding here. The girls have already planned a studio wedding."

Mrs. Courts' face took on a look of startled horror.

"Allison, my child!" she finally ejaculated, "Not have your wedding in your own home!" Why, what are you thinking of? What will Glendale think? You can't mean it."

"I certainly do," affirmed Allison in no uncertain tones, "Why should I be married here? I've been away for ten years and Glendale has forgotten me. It's far more fitting and convenient for me to be married in New York among my own friends."

It was not until later that Allison broached the real subject of her mission. She and her mother were walking through the flower garden. Mrs. Courts was making eager plans in nervous, disjointed sentences.

"I think I'll change the pansy bed. They don't get enough sun over there. This hedge is more straggling than ever. I must get Thompson to trim it right away. Those rose bushes, too—Mary Hollis has promised me a sprout from her Killarney to replace this one that died last year."

She digressed from the path and lovingly touched the brittle stem of the dead rose bush. Allison's face took on a look of renewed determination.

"Mother," she said abruptly, "Of course you're going to New York with me for the wedding. And Stephen and I have a plan for you."

Mrs. Courts turned a startled face to her daughter "Oh, Allison, love," she remonstrated, "It's such a long way. I don't feel as if I could go so far."

"Nonsense," replied Allison briskly, "Let me tell you about my plan for you. We will have until Wednesday to pack up. That will give us plenty of time. You had better tell Judith

right away to look up a new place. There is probably no one in this dead town who wants to rent a house so we can leave the place just as it is. Of course we will cover the furniture and store the china and such."

"But, daughter," interrupted Mrs. Courts, "Why go to all that trouble for my brief visit? Judith can stay with her sister while I'm away and we can just lock up the house."

Allison made a little impatient gesture.

"You are to live with me, mother," she stated."

Mrs. Courts looked pleased. She had been afraid Allison had grown away from her but here she was just as daughterly as ever. She caught hold of Allison's hand and pressed it to her soft old cheek.

"Oh, my dear," she said tenderly, "It is sweet of you to want me but of course my place is here where I was born and grew up. I couldn't bear to think of my home as empty. It would haunt me like those desolate little nests in the elm."

"Now, mother," Allison's tone was the tolerant one of the person who restrains an impatient outbreak. "Of course you don't want to leave Glendale and this dear old place but you must see reason. I am your only child and it is natural that you should live with me. Stephen consents to the plan. You must see yourself that you can't go on living here with no one to look after you."

"I have Judith," came the faint remonstrance.

"Judith! Why Judith is almost as old as you, mother."

In Allison's mother's eyes dawned a look of horrified comprehension. Allison thought she was old. Allison

looked upon her as a childish, feeble old woman for whom her filial duty prompted her to care.

The days that followed were like a nightmare to Mrs. Courts. She went about in a dazed packing up the dear old silver and linen, making covers for the furniture, and sorting out the things she was to take with her. She had offered Allison the silver and linen but Allison replied that Stephen's house was already fitted up and there would be no need for it. There were so many things she could not bear to leave behind. As she went through her treasures selecting those she must take, her heart was heavy with the memories which thronged around her. Frequently she stole up to the attic and gently rocked the heavy cradle, in which her babies had slumbered. Of the four only Allison was left—and Allison did not understand.

The kind hearted neighbors, who had known Allison's mother all their lives, shook their heads and whispered that it would kill her to be transplanted from the quiet old-fashioned home to the noisy, dusty, bustling city. Judith, who knew her mistress' moods and divined the cause of her perturbation, waxed wroth as she gazed at the unconscious cause of it all.

"Pore Miz Courts," she confided to the cook next door, "She's jis' grievin' her heart out over leavin' this place. And Miss Allison is jis' as blin' as a bat. She thinks she knows what's bes' for ever'-body. Umph! Jis' let her try to 'vise me what to do an' I'll tell her somepin. Think of her what I nussed and tended when she's jis' a bit of a chile changin' like that!"

The last night in the beloved home was almost more than Mrs. Courts could bear. Everywhere the chairs

and pictures in their white covers stared at her like ghosts of happy, by-gone days. Allison, after chatting happily of New York, the studio, and the girls, had gone upstairs to bed. With an abruptness unusual to her placid ways, Mrs. Courts charged up to the old-fashioned, back piano and tore off the wrapping, revealing the yellow keys. Then she sat down and played with forceful thumps one old fashioned air after another. The tinkling keys gave out a tender, sympathetic tone which soothed her turbulent spirits. Finally her hands strayed into "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home." As the last tender notes died away the figure of Allison, bearing a smoking lamp, appeared in the door.

"Mother, aren't you ever coming to bed?" she asked.

Several months had passed away. Mrs. Courts was domesticated as grandmother in the home of Stephen and Allison Lewis. The children had loved her from the first sight of her. She had immediately taken up their names for each other and called them Don and Lalla. The dainty little grandmother in cobwebby lace cap and frilliest of little white aprons knew more stories than any one else. Wonderful were the tales of fairies, brown nies, and goblins related to them as the golden light faded to dusk and the fire died to a red glow. Grandmother loved to put them to bed and to tuck the covers around the tired little forms. She even played games with them when it was rainy and dreary and the little faces grew tired and cross.

The new mother was disliked as much as the grandmother was beloved. Allison had ideas of her own

concerning the correct way of training children. They must always be respectful and polite. They must not speak unless spoken to. They should eat no rich food. Indeed a plain bread and milk diet was best. They should be permitted no silly nick names. Donald and Elsie, you may be sure, rebelled under the strict rules. To grandmother they fled for sympathy. Papa was so under the spell of the new mother as to be unavailable for this purpose.

In spite of the love of the children, Mrs. Courts was unhappy. She felt lost in the big, gloomy house. She had nothing to occupy her. In vain she knitted, crocheted, and made tatting. Allison would allow her no part in the housekeeping. On every hand she was hampered. If she sympathized with the tearful house maid Allison's disapproving voice would say, "It is best not to be intimate with the servants. They gossip so."

If she stole into the kitchen to show the cook just how chicken was browned in Glendale, Allison was sure to discover it and remark, "Cooks always dislike interference."

Mrs. Courts was hedged about even in her intimacy with Don and Lalla. She was not permitted to sympathize with the poor little children when they had been reproved or denied a pleasure dear to their childish hearts.

The loss of the flowers was a sore burden to Allison's mother. She had lived in and tended the garden so long that it had become a part of her. During the season of blossom and song, memories of the birds and flowers were tugging at her heart strings. The only place where she could feel free was the big park. Here she would come with Don and Lalla and sit by

the hour. She knew when the yellow crocuses first lifted their timid little heads, and when the lilacs bloomed in the dear garden by the budding and blooming in the park. She knew when the apple tree was pink and fragrant and the ground beneath a carpet of opalescent petals. The pansies lifted their brown and purple faces and cried out to her to return. The roses bloomed and shed their petals and she was not there. Only one flower she had to remind her of those she had left. From the glass covered flower pit she had brought a single glossy-leaved geranium cutting. This she tended faithfully. In spite of her care the cutting refused to grow healthily. Only one sickly little leaf remained and it threatened to wither and die.

Mrs. Courts missed the birds, too. To be sure there were birds in the park, but they were not birds. She missed the fat, saucy robin. He had become so tame and fearless that she was afraid some stray cat would capture him, since she was not there to watch. The mocking bird was probably singing his heart out from the swaying top of the elm; but she was not there to hear. The blue bird might not have nested in his accustomed tree. She wondered if he missed her.

Deep down in her heart was the worst ache of all. The sight of an empty bird nest in the park had the power of stirring and odd sensation within her. She was reminded of the white covered chairs and pictures in her deserted home and a fiercely protective instinct rose in her breast. It was not fair for any home to be shut up and desolate. The scene of so many happy memories should be a place of laughter and song. During the lovely spring weather the house

would be closed to all the beauty without. The sunlight could not penetrate the closed blinds; the fragrance of the garden could not sweep through the tightly shut windows. The music of the birds would be wasted.

One day toward the last of May three occurrences happened which changed the trend of events in Mrs. Courts' life. The first was the departure of Allison and Stephen early in the morning for a little business trip west. As they were leaving, two sleepy, downy-headed children rushed in in their night clothes to bid them good-bye. As they threw themselves on their father and Allison, Allison's face took on its stern, repellent look.

"Children," she reproved, "How often must I tell you not to come down stairs until you are dressed? I told you last night that you were not to get up to bid us goodbye. You are very disobedient."

Don and Lalla shrank back timidly, the joy and love dimmed on their little faces. Mrs. Courts came forward and took them in their arms. In her heart was surging wild resentment and rebellion.

"Come upstairs with grandmother, dears," she said tenderly.

When Mrs. Courts took the children out for an early stroll in the park, a little breeze was blowing merrily through the trees. As they passed under a tall, swaying tree, a tiny nest, hanging by a straw, was blown from the branch to which it clung and fell at Mrs. Court's feet. Don pounced on it.

"See, grandmother," he shouted gleefully, "A bird nest! Wonder where the birdies are."

Mrs. Courts regarded it sadly.

"There are no birdies for it, Don," she said. "It is a last year's nest."

That was the second event. The third occurred when she started to water the pitiful geranium brought from Glendale. The last remaining leaf dropped off. Mrs. Courts slowly and deliberately took hold of the withered stem and drew it up. It was rotten at the root.

"That settles it," she slowly said to herself. "I can't live without flowers. I am going home."

The next day Allison received a letter from her mother that threw great light over her understanding.

"Dear daughter," began the letter. "When you get this I will be on the way to Glendale. I am taking Don and Lalla with me. Children are like flowers. Without sunshine and love their little souls would be stunted. Think of the old place where you ran about in freedom and love as a child. Soon Don and Lalla will be racing through the halls and the garden, making them resound with their happy chatter. There will be plenty of cherries, plums, and strawberries from the bed beside the garden. They will

be happy and will have a chance to be themselves.

"If you insist on having the children you may come for them. Do not ask me to return. I cannot bear the thought of my home being shut up and empty. I hope you will not think me ungrateful. I appreciate your thought and care for me, but after all I am just sixty-five.

Love and best wishes, from
Your mother."

P. S. Don't worry about me. I know Judith will be glad to come back.

When Allison had finished reading the illuminating letter, her eyes were wet and her lips trembled.

"Look, Stephen," she said, "How I have mistreated the poor dear! And the children, too. Don and Lalla shall not be dwarfed and hindered in their development. Why can't they spend their summers with mother every year?"

When Mrs. Courts arrived at Glendale she found waiting for her a telegram from Allison: "Understand all. Please forgive me. Dearest love to Don and Lalla."



To Diké

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

Diké' who speaks with reverberant grandeur,
Thru listening portals of true womanhood,
Into thy vastness we come now entrusting
Our powers as yet latent, with wills hope imbued;
Glad for the toiling, the common endeavor,
Glad for the wideness of ways to be won,
To do for the deed's sake, still keeping the vision,
Trusting secure in the love round us thrown.

Stamped with the beauty and light of thy image,
We would go forth with a creative faith,
Builders potential, and makers of highways,
Easing for others the paths they may take.
And as the sunset gives place to the sunrise,
After us cometh the child of the dawn,
To fashion the fabric of dreams scarce completed
And serve thee forever, oh light farther on.

The College in Arms

AGNES WILLIAMS, '19, ADELPHIAN

Today we are asked to conserve and Hooverize practically everything that we use in our daily life. Not only must we be conservative in our use of various foodstuffs, of clothing, and raw materials of all kinds, of time and of energy, but we must also consider the very activities in which we are engaged. The non-essential activities must be separated from the essential, and, finally, by the process of elimination, the non-essential must become non-existent. In present discussions of essential and non-essential activities, the question of the business of the college and the activities of its students in war time has assumed an important place in public thought.

Thruout the world the fact that women, trained and efficient women, are suddenly needed in every branch of industrial activity, and that the number of women trained to meet these demands is woefully inadequate, becomes more obvious every day. Thus it has devolved upon the educational, as upon no other institutions, to meet these demands; and the American college of today possesses a more complete realization of the importance of its function than ever before. As stated in a recent magazine article, "The ordinary routine business of the women's colleges—the fitting of young women for participation in world affairs, organizing their faculties, and making them more efficient—is a work of immediate necessity. Other forms of war-work undertaken to meet the

present emergency are all subordinate to this."

Not only do we realize the need of women trained and efficient along industrial lines, but the thinking public is also awake to the fact that, if civilization is to escape irremediable disaster, the nations must be under more competent human direction than they have yet possessed. The slow processes of life by which the native abilities of mankind are increased are so slow that as yet they have failed to produce a superior type of mankind in time to save us in the present cataclysm. The only solution of the problem, therefore, lies in the better education of the faculties that we already possess. The major part of this burden must of necessity fall upon the shoulders of our colleges and universities, for they are admittedly the developers of the future leaders in modern world affairs.

This, of course, imposes a solemn task upon both the faculty and student-body of the college. The training must not, can not be superficial. The future leaders of the nation, the present college students, must acquire the habit of becoming acquainted with all of the facts that can possibly affect the more important problems with which they must deal. Of possible greater importance is the necessity for them to develop the ability to face facts squarely, and devoid of all prejudices born of national desires or of environment; and to do this in order that

they may act, not for the benefit of a small division, but for the better development of the entire race.

Realizing the tasks and demands imposed on the college armed for real service today, we may well ask, "to what extent do the activities of the students meet these demands?" If we consider our own activities, we find that they may be divided into two classes: the emotional, which prove the loyalty of the college and its acceptance of the nation's task as its own; and the practical or economic which definitely add to the resources of the nation for prosecuting the war. There can be no strict separation between the two, for the emotional expression in the college tends to increase the national spirit. From practically all of our colleges come the reports of various patriotic resolutions, more or less practical acts of self-denial; while a pervading atmosphere of serious and definite purposefulness in academic work is apparent.

Furthermore, in all of the women's colleges, the students are engaged in Red Cross work, devoting their previously leisure hours to the study of foods, mastering the details of "First Aid to the Wounded," and a great diversity of other preparedness courses. Delving deeper into the subject many college women, after careful investigation of present social and economic conditions, are devoting their entire time to instructing the public in these conditions, directly and personally and pointing out ways in which each one may definitely enter into the ac-

complishment of the nation's task. It is of course, only necessary to mention the greatest of all works in which the college students gladly give all,—actual fighting in the trenches, the work of the nurses, physicians and surgeons in the hospital units, and the work of the women in the canteens and other food distributing industries in the warring countries. But let us not forget the less dazzling yet none the less patriotic and useful activities of these who remain at home. Here we find that it was the college women who led in forming the land armies of the women farmers in all the countries at war, and that the college woman more quickly than others is taking the man's place in other industrial activities.

We may indeed think that the response of the colleges to the demands of war needs is admirable, and because of its great potentialities the American college will enlist every activity for the accomplishment of the purpose of the big fight:—to prove the falseness of the ideal of that system of education which taught that self-aggrandizement, the material prosperity of the people, and their dominion over other nations is the "ultimate belief."

Our educational institutions, therefore must keep open, renewing their ideals, keeping their purposes clear, and working at the business for which they exist with more singleness of purpose than they have ever had before—the college armed for effective service.

Jist er Settin' Still

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

I figures frum a farmer's pint,
 That is the way they view;
 There's some things here that's loose er jint,
 Or else there's some that's lost er screw.
 I farms fer livin' and I sees
 The things come up I till.
 I counts er thing fer what it bees;
 Yer'an do er sight more reasonin'
 Jist er settin' still.

The preachers go about er rantin'
 And they say the devil's like er lion
 That prowls eround er roarin', pantin',
 Jist ter glean the fields of Zion.
 Well that religion jist wont go;
 It contradicts the human will.
 These here preachers best go slow—
 Yer'an do er sight more mendin'
 Jist er settin' still.

The doctors go er doctrin' round:
 We gotta wash, can't spit jist whar yer please,
 An' drinkin' frum another's pail they found
 Is shore ter start er plague disease.
 Well, that there teachin' may suit some
 That's feared of all the devil's ill;
 But when the rhumatisms come
 Yer'an git erlong er durn sight better
 Jist er settin' still.

Methuslah never went up young
 An' never knowed no doctor's way;
 But now they're picked when aint nigh sprung
 An' hilled, like taters, in the clay.
 When them ole prophets calmly chewed their cud,
 They never had no rhumatiz ner fever's chill—
 This here modern mess stands 'gainst the reason, Bud.
 Yer'an do er sight more livin'
 Jist er settin' still.

On a Ray of the Rising Sun

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

Awarded Second Prize in the Inter-Society Short Story Contest

One night a little Lost Laugh slipped thru the fingers of Twilight and crept into the land of tiny growing things. The big busy world kept right on working and playing, headless of the little one. How she had longed to flit around and dance with the other Laughing Folk on the lips of the tired busy people, and play "I Spy" in their eyes. But it made no difference to them what she wanted. They didn't even know she had slipped away—not many of them.

It was all very strange and quiet in this dim new world. She shivered just a bit and wished she had stayed in the big busy world with the Twilight and the careless busy folk. She had no idea where she was going, and the cold, dewy woods seemed about to swallow her up. But look! Wasn't that a tiny head nodding confidingly at her over there? And right then she forgot to be afraid. It was the little woods violet speaking to her. Who could be afraid of a little woods violet—such a timid, tremulous creature. She was glad to find some one who would talk to her. It was comforting to have some one look at her in that friendly way. Now that she knew she was safe, she began to feel how tired and sleepy she was after her first and only long journey alone. Presently she cuddled down close by the side of her new-found friend, and in two beats of a bluebird's wing was fast asleep.

How long she slept she never knew, but it seemed only a moment later when she opened her wondering eyes and saw two little cob-web fairies swinging from the edge of the violet leaf above her. As they swayed to and fro she could see deep into the clear blue sky where, sailing straight overhead—just as near and just as friendly as in the big busy world—was the silvery, shimmery Lady Moon and her tiny star child that always told the lonesome little Lost Laugh "good-night."

Just then a lightsome flower child tripped up and whispered something in her ear that made her eyes sparkle. But the next instant the shining face clouded as she glanced down at her soiled and tattered clothing.

"The May Queen would not let me look upon her lovely face were I to go like this. My dress is torn and dusty and Will o' Wind has been playing with my curls."

"T was then that the timid fairy folk who had been peeping at the newcomer from behind leaves and tickle-grass tripped forth to make ready for her visit to the Queen of the coming morn. The friendly flower child spread out before her an armful of tiny morning glory skirts of all magic colors and let her choose the loveliest of them all. Thistledown's gift was a wondrous silken scarf. Then the little cob-web fairies laughed till they shook each other from the edge of the violet leaf

and fell together in a little heap on the ground. And all the other fairies laughed too, for they knew how Will o' Wind had snatched the old gray-haired dandelion bald-headed to get this scarf for his beloved Thistledown. But Will o' Wind didn't care. He liked the stranger best anyhow. Then the flower child fitted a tiny bluette hat over her curls and whispered something comforting in her ear. She didn't feel a bit lonesome now.

Oh, those were wonderful moments when she was drawing near to the Queen! All the joy and beauty of her whole life seemed to be glowing on her tiny radiant face. The jocund folk swinging from the willow tips sped down to gaze at her. They called to their comrades cradled in the wild cherry blossoms, and down they drifted, laden with soft, fragrant petals to carpet the little stranger's pathway. Just then the flower child made her close her eyes tight, and when the moment at last came for her to look into the wondrous face of the Queen of Sweet May, her eyes grew misty with very happiness. Those deep, starry eyes above her seemed to be talking to her, to be lifting her off the earth. And then two strong, motherly hands drew the little radiant form into her arms and held her very close for an instant. "T was then that the little Lost Laugh forgot that there was a big busy world of tired busy folk. She even forgot that fairy folk and the friendly flower child had brought her here. She only knew that she wasn't lost and she wasn't lonesome, and that in the great heart of the Queen of May there was room enough for her.

"Oh, why can't I stay here always?" she thought, as the Queen let her slip

gently to the petaled carpet. At first she hadn't seen anything but those wondrous eyes, but now she turned to look upon the royal throne of the Flower Queen. But she saw no throne. Could it be possible that the Queen of the flowers and fairies had no throne? She rubbed her eyes hard and peered in all directions. The watching eyes were still bent upon her.

"A Queen without a throne," you ask? Yes, you have guessed aright. I am too busy to sit upon a throne wrought by the toiling love of my fairy folk, and my little flower children need their mother's constant care. Tomorrow they must be all prepared for the coming of the big busy world, and I must make them ready tonight. See my big tulip tub, brimful of dew. I have washed a thousand tiny faces, and each little fairy helper will soon fasten on a heart-leaf apron, and with the little waxen cup, keep filled my tulip tubs of dew.

"You, little Glad Laugh, and you, my friendly flower child, may help me wash these sweetest of tiny faces. I can trust you, but my fairy folk are too mischievous."

How her heart thumped with joy, and how tenderly she washed each upturned face, trying to smile on them like the Mother Queen beside her. Finally the last one was washed, and the last tulip tub set back on its heavy green post.

"It is almost time for me to go up to the big busy world and tell the big busy folk that I have made ready my flower children," said the Queen with a wistful look in her eyes.

"Don't go up to the big busy world Mother Queen. The busy folk will not be kind to you. They are all so big and powerful that they forget

about the little frail flower children and the fairy folk. When they are strong they are selfish, and when they are weak they are hopeless. They shut themselves up in dark rooms to work and never take time to so much as speak to the tiny fairy folk."

"That, my little one, is why the May Queen must carry to them the beauty of the new-made earth."

"But, Mother Queen, I was a bright happy Laugh, and I flew around all day trying to be use of to some one, but every one pushed me aside, and finally I got lost. I didn't want to find my way back to the busy folk, so I just slipped through the fingers of Twilight and came here to you."

"I wonder if they really know about the fairy folk and flower children. Did you ever tell them?"

"No, for they wouldn't care to know. They love the big noisy things that bring them gold, or the old musty things that hurt their eyes. Stay down here with your flower children and fairies and the little Glad Laugh who need you most."

"But, little one, they must know. They must be told of the beauty made ready for them in the dewy spring woods. They are our big brothers, and a part of each of their hearts is made just like the flower children's and fairies.' They have only forgotten."

"But, Mother Queen, you cannot leave all your flower children alone."

"Then, my Glad Laugh, I must send you to tell them for me. For you were

indeed made for the big busy world just like my flower children."

Little Glad Laugh looked straight into the wondrous eyes of the Flower Queen, and then, without a word, sped back to the land of the big busy folk—a tear in her eye and a song in her heart. Riding on a ray of the rising sun, she stole straight into the midst of a half-dark room and lit on the face of a sleeping child. The eyes unclosed little Glad Laugh was found. The mother-eye saw her dance upon the lips of the child, and the mother-ear heard her as she went sailing out into the sunshine and then sped back again. She heard her sing, and knowing that there was a beautiful new world awaiting the busy people that day, she too began to sing. Presently the voice of the big busy man joined hers, and then all three went forth into the sunshine to spread the message of the May.

And all day long the deep shining eyes of the Mother Queen down in the dewy woods were wont to grow a bit deeper whenever she looked down at a fine golden thread that had clung to her shimmery robe. 'T was all little Glad Laugh had left of herself. And all day long, as little Glad Laugh danced upon the lips of the big busy folk who didn't seem quite so busy now, and as she played "I Spy" in their eyes, she forgot that she had ever been lonesome and tired enough to even want to slip away thru the fingers of Twilight. She only knew that she was glad, and the May Queen was glad, and all the tiny flower folk were brimful of gladness.

“Killed in Action”

LOIS WILSON, '20, CORNELIAN

Horace Neal was the first man in Clinton to respond to the President's call for volunteers in 1917. After his papers had been filed out and he had gone away, the recruiting officer learned back in his chair to wait for the next volunteer. One of the loafers asked,

“Who was that fine young fellow? If we had a bunch of 'em like that we'd soon whip the Kaiser.”

“I'm not so sure about that.”

The genial officer spoke with the air of a man who, although he has seen the world, still retains his optimistic faith in man. “I've known Horace Neal all his life and I can't understand this new streak in him. They say some men are born to be great but I think he must have been born to be a coward. When he was a baby he would shrink from cats, dogs, everything that children usually like, even from other babies. He went to school with my children and they were always talking about that scared-cat Horace. He never played ball because he was afraid the ball would hit him. He never climbed trees because he might fall. He always agreed with what other boys said, for he was afraid not to. The boys said that when the Scouts were organizing, Horace would hang around and, when he thought they weren't looking, would furtively try on one of the Scout's hats, fingering it lovingly. The Scoutmaster asked him to join the ranks, trying to attract him by promises of camping trips, picnics, and long hikes. I remember

how my boys taunted Horace with being a coward when he refused to join them and how he never answered but turned and ran away.”

“But why didn't his mother do something to break him from being such a coward?” questioned one of the loafers.

“That's the worst part of it,” asserted the man. “His mother, instead of trying to break him, let him keep on in his foolish fear. If a thunder storm came up when it was time for him to come home from school, she rushed wildly to get him. She was always around to see that nothing happened to Horace. When we told her that she was ruining the child, she would say, with all her false mother spirit up in arms,

“Oh, but he's so afraid and I always want to shield him as much as I can.”

That's how he grew up to be such a weak shrinking sort of a man.” The man shifted his position and went on musingly, “I thought it was going to be different when he took to going with Mary Elizabeth Evans. You know what a fine girl she is and how she would put the backbone into a man just by her friendship. I wonder if she has anything to do with his enlisting now.”

* * * * *

If the officer had known what had taken place he would have ceased to wonder. While Horace was walking with Mary Elizabeth a few hours before, a runaway horse had come tearing down the street toward them,

heading its way straight over a little child just crossing the street. The child, in panic, sank down in the middle of the road. But the effect on the child was no more paralyzing than on Horace. He stopped in the middle of what he was saying, trembling, like aspen leaves before a storm. He had forgotten his companion but she had, by no means, forgotten him. One moment she looked at him expectantly, then with a smothered exclamation she leaped to save the child. In that moment, however, a vision of the scornful disgust on her face flashed upon Horace as a searing flame.

When she rushed back to the pavement with the rescued child, Horace was no longer in sight. Shame had brought a revulsion from fear and he lay crouched cowering behind a thick hedge in the despairing agony of remorse and self-pity.

Mary Elizabeth stood wondering, weak with the reaction from the nervous tension until after some minutes she broke the silence by hysterically,

"Well, I'd faint if I had any encouragement but I absolutely will not be a baby like that Horace."

The nurse who had, for the moment, deserted the child now came and after tearful and apologetic thanks took him home. Mary Elizabeth hurried home, full of scorn and indignation, yet strangely oppressed by a feeling of deep disappointment and vague emptiness of the future.

When Horace heard the girl's footsteps die away in the distance he rose and slunk along inside the hedges and thru unused alleys until he came to his own home. His mother always on the alert for her cherished son, met him at the door. At once she cried out,

"Why Horace, boy, you look like a ghost! What has happened? You don't mean—— No, you can't mean that!"

"I don't know what you mean, mother, but I do know that I am the worst coward that God ever let live." With that he broke down and wept.

His mother had been pained at first but now she sank relieved into a chair, crying out hysterically,

"Oh, it is such a relief to know that it isn't true! When I saw you I was sure you had volunteered and I couldn't stand it. But oh! you haven't, have you? Horace, please say you haven't!"

Horace sprang from his chair with a gleam of wakened hope in his shirking eyes.

"Volunteered! Mother, what do you mean?"

"Yes! Yes! I tried to keep the paper away from you today, because I didn't want you to know they were calling for volunteers. And now you've found out." With a hand clutching each of his shoulders she crouched before him in an agony of suspense. "But, boy, if you love your old mother, don't go. Don't you know that you would be afraid? Oh, son, don't go!"

Master of himself as never before, Horace rose. A new light flooded his face, as he said in a voice ringing with fine manhood, wakened from its long slumber,

"Mother, I'm going. It's my chance to redeem myself."

Without another word he strode out of the house.

* * * * *

Three days later Horace left for a distant training camp, after telling

only his mother "Good-bye." Going home from the station, his mother met Mary Elizabeth. Without any preliminaries whatever, she demanded of the girl,

"Why did you let him go? You could have kept him, but instead you sent him away and it's breaking my heart."

With that the old lady broke down. After soothing her to a slight degree of calm the girl questioned,

"Mrs. Neal, where has Horace gone? I know absolutely nothing about his going away."

Mrs. Neal looked up incredulously, "You don't know anything about it? You didn't persuade him to enlist?" The girl was astonished in turn, "Do you mean to say that Horace has volunteered?" Joy replaced incredulity, as she exclaimed impitiously, "O! Mrs. Neal, aren't you proud of him? Isn't it fine!"

"Proud of him! You silly girl!" The indignant mother sailed down the street, forgetting her grief for the moment.

The girl stood still for a moment looking after her with half-incredulous joy.

* * * * *

Months passed. Little news came to Mrs. Neal from her son except the perfunctory statement that he was well, was working hard and getting along all right. Even after he had gone "Somewhere in France" there was nothing more than this. The mother grieved and always in the back of her mind there was the haunting declaration, "Mother it is my chance to redeem myself." Pictures kept coming up of a little boy shrinking back in fear and whimpering, "Mother I'm afraid." Feeding morbidly on

newspaper descriptions, she saw other pictures too—her boy crouching down in a trench livid with the light of bursting shells, while comrades disregarded his pitiful unspoken "I'm afraid."

* * * * *

An American soldier, fresh from the battlefield, discharged as physically unfit for further service came to visit his uncle in Clinton to recuperate. Mary Elizabeth who was often with him found a dreadful sort of fascination in the tales of how men went "over the top." The soldier seemed to find great relief in the long walks with her, when he unburdened his mind of the haunting visions of horror and wonder; of suffering and transfiguration of the beauty or awfulness of bared souls.

One day as they walked, he seemed very thoughtful, almost morbid. After a long silence he said slowly, as tho' feeling for each word,

"You know, Mary Elizabeth we have been hearing lots of talk these days when everybody is stirred up over this new offensive, about how bravely our "Sammies" are "going over." Somehow when I hear things like that, it always reminds me of the one "Sammy" I saw fall down. It wasn't the sort of thing one likes to talk about much but its always coming up to haunt me. It was just after Hindenburg's April attempt to crash through the line in Flanders. Our losses had been terrific. The day after the battle I was detailed to guard duty. When I saw the one prisoner I had to guard I didn't relish the duty much, but the army's not the place to say what you like or don't like. I never saw a wilder looking man than that fellow was when he was brought in.

When I looked at him I felt that his glowing eyes, staring out from hollow sunken cheeks, burned into my very soul. Without giving me time to say anything he started out in a high, shrill monotone, feverishly afraid that I might not let him finish,

"Guard, I know I've always been a coward of the worst sort. I proved it three days before I left home by leaving a girl to rescue a child from death while I stood by in fear. I was desperate. I enlisted to have the chance to redeem myself. I had the chance all right but I didn't use it." He sank down, trembling and then, raising his livid face—began again, in that monotonous high voice,

"The order came night before last for us to go over the top!" Every word of it burned itself into my mind,

"At eleven, a wiring party will go out in front and cut lanes thru our barbed wire for your passage in the morning. At four the first of the three waves will go over."

At the first words of the prisoner's story Mary Elizabeth had paled and clutched at a tree for support but by a masterful effort she controlled herself. Standing tensely, listening, she lost not a word of the rest of the story.

The narrator continued, never noticing her tension.

"The fellow seemed hypnotized and he chanted that order as if he had said it a million times. He had it in a sort of rhythm and all the while he looked into me and past me and thru me with that awful burning stare. 'At four, the first three waves will go over,—at seven the first three waves will go over.—That's what it said, Guard, and I couldn't take my eyes off my watch. The other fellows got ready and some of them wrote home but I crouched

down in the trench. At two the bombardment started. The order had said, 'At four the first of the three waves will go over!' I knew I could not force myself to go over. I thought of mother and of—a girl. I had left them both doubting me and I must prove myself a man. But, guard, when four o'clock came, I swear to you I could not move. Other men went over but I stayed rooted there, trembling, trying to move, but as helpless as if I were paralyzed. Now I'm here under guard. I was tried for 'Cowardice' and you know I'll be 'up against the wall' in the morning at 3:27." He whimpered piteously, and collapsed again, struggling as if one of his two selves were strangling the other.

"I'm afraid of that, too. I can't face those twelve guns."

For a moment contempt for his weakness filled me. Then I remembered that perhaps he was not alone to blame. His mother had, probably, never tried to make him a man. I was 'up against the wall too.' What was I to tell him? I hesitated until I remembered that a girl and his mother expecting him to redeem himself.

"Man," I said, after a struggle with myself, "they don't really mean to shoot you. I hadn't meant to tell you but—— they are giving you this last chance to overcome your fear. Stand up before them and it will be all right."

I stood there appalled by what I had said but fearful lest I betray that it was not true.

* * * * *

I never saw a braver looking soldier than he was as he walked out that morning with a firm step and stood

proudly at attention, facing the guns. Only I knew that he died a coward even as he had lived. 'Killed in action' was the word that was sent to

his mother officially, but I remembered my mother and wrote to his:

'Your son faced the guns like a man.'"

The Wonder of Old

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

War has shaken the tribes of earth
And sounded and tested their depth;
Into the carnage the brave have gone,
To prove themselves worthy of those who have borne
Thru ages uncounted with hope frail, forlorn,
The white, shining armor of truth.

Into the struggle for freedom and right,
Side by side with the brave,
Spirits still dormant, still sluggish and cold
Have waked to the wonder that stirs from of old,
Have felt thru the silence of soul meeting soul
The voice of the living God.

The Touch of Purple

MARION OWENS, PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Awarded first prize in the High School Story Contest

"Now I am here—and what a disappointment. Why I would have had a better time if I had stayed at home."

Agnes uttered this declaration fretfully and emphasized it by a vigorous slap at an inquisitive little squirrel.

Priscilla, understanding, bowed in assent.

"Of course I like the country—sometimes. In most dramas I picture the country as a back-ground. But what's the country good for without a man?"

"I am terribly shocked," replied Priscilla. "Sighing for a man, when you have the murmuring stream and just hosts of little wood folk and the beautiful trees—"

"Good gracious!" interrupted Agnes rudely, "You are getting to be just like Aunt Hannah."

"Besides, I don't so especially want a man—but it would be quite nice."

Priscilla looked at her friend, who was lying stretched full length upon the moss, her white summer frock looking deliciously cool against the back-ground of deep green, and clinging caressingly to the slender girlish figure. The sun with its broken reflections sifting through the leaves played in her soft golden hair and cast flighty little shadows over her dimpled face now wreathed with smiles.

"I can think of a number of men who would gladly come if they only knew your wish."

Agnes shook her head.

"What would we do with that collection, friend of mine? Why Aunt Hannah wouldn't allow them on the place! I do think she might at least have selected a young hand to run the farm."

"Agnes, you know you were crazy to come. You said you wanted to get away from the hot stuffy city, the noise and commotion; to go to some place where it was green, cool and quiet; where you could lie around and dream."

"Well, I did think so then, but I have changed my point of view. And to think that I persuaded you to come here with me when you might have gone to the seashore."

"Oh! that's all right. I just adore this beautiful place. It seems so quiet and restful. Besides, I had rather be here with you than at the seashore without you."

"And how could I know she was such a spit-fire—and that the lovely farm was a thousand miles from nowhere? When she wrote that awfully nice old-fashioned letter, I sort of pictured lavender silk, old lace, mahogany, and thin, dearly cherished china. I imagined Aunt Hannah's memories were of a wonderful romance and she—a gentle, sentimental spinster. While here she is—well, just the opposite from what I expected."

"Never mind," said Priscilla. "Maybe you will be able to stay through August."

"Miss Morgan! Miss Morgan!"

A high, rather harsh voice broke the spell cast by Dame Summer.

Agnes suddenly straightened up.

"That's the Irish girl, Marie. What do you reckon she wants?"

"Oh, Miss Morgan!"

"Here, Marie."

Agnes was on her feet now, tall, slim, graceful, expectant.

A rather peculiar shaped girl in as shapeless a dress plunged heavily through the tall grass on the opposite side of a nearby stream.

"Miss, your aunt's had a telegram. She's that stirred up she broke the blue and white teapot. Her niece, Carry, what lives up at Milltown, she's going to marry somebody, and your aunt is going right up to stop it. She's putting on her black silk, too. She said for you to come right in so she could tell you what to do over Sunday. She won't be back until Monday afternoon, anyhow."

Marie stopped for breath.

"Hooray for Carry!" shouted Agnes, as she and Priscilla made their way carefully across the stepping stones.

"Do you know her?"

"No, I never heard of her before. You see Aunt Hannah isn't my real aunt. She is just one of mother's good friends."

The two girls hurried across the meadow, through the orchard, and up to the rambling white farm house. Standing on the steps was a gaunt, stiff figure in a rusty black silk and bonnet of year long dead.

Harnessed to a light spring wagon, of the house, an elderly, loose-jointed man in blue jeans and a torn straw hat, held the reins.

"Girls, I've had bad news!"

Miss Hannah's voice was shrill and sharp.

"I'm going away for three days. I've told Marie what to have for the meals and written it down. The paper is in the right-hand pigeon hole of the desk in the sitting room."

"I've put away the best china. That girl would be sure to break it if I wasn't around with my eyes on her. Be careful about the lamps, and don't forget to bolt the doors."

"I'm sorry I will have to leave, but there isn't any time to lose. I guess I'll be back Monday afternoon at five. Good-bye."

The wagon rattled down the driveway.

"Marie, don't you forget to take the clothes in if it begins to rain, and don't talk to tramps."

Those parting words were wafted back upon the summer breeze.

"Well she's gone," said Agnes, sinking down on the steps with a sigh of relief.

"It's rather nice being left alone," suggested Priscilla.

"Well, rather. Next to having an agreeable man on the place, not having Aunt Hannah is the most consoling thing I can think of. Marie, what is that, that smells so good?"

"Baking—pies, doughnuts, bread and cake. Miss Hannah, she 'lowed she'd have a ham cooked tomorrow. There is fried chicken for supper."

"I will say one thing for Aunt Hannah—she doesn't try to starve us," Agnes admitted. "Come on, Priscilla let's go up to the falls. I left a book up there this morning."

The two girls followed the winding brook past the rolling meadows into the woods, where it swerved noisily around great moss-covered boulders,

and foamed over small rapids, dropping occasionally into silence on the deep brown-hearted pools in the shelter of the rocks or fallen logs. Delicate little ferns and sweet-smelling flowers grew in profusion along the path. The sun fell in rays of green and gold through the leaves, and warmed the velvety mosses into sudden flashes of vivid colors.

Agnes stopped for a moment to draw a long breath of contentment.

"After all," she admitted, spreading out her hands in a little inclusive gesture, "This is not so bad. There are moments when I can even conceive of an Adamless Eden. Now, a man would only see in the brook a trout stream. He'd fish and fish and be absolutely unappreciative of the beauties of nature. A man—"

Her voice broke.

She clutched her friend's arm.

"There is one!"

"A tramp!" gasped Priscilla. "Let's go back to the house."

Priscilla was uneasy, but Agnes was made of a more heroic substance.

"Go back now? Trample the thought underfoot. He's been fishing. Tramps don't carry fishing tackle and read books bound in soft leather. I wonder if his face looks like his back. Dreadfully long back, isn't it? Come on, it's time for us to be discovered."

She moved forward, her face as guileless as a baby's, unconsciousness of the stranger's presence written upon her.

The young man heard the crackle of twigs, lazily lifted his chin from his hands and his eyes from the book, and, for a second lay there staring blankly at the apparition moving toward him. Then he scrambled hastily to his feet,

took his hat from his head, and confronted Agnes.

Her startled pose was a success. She was surprised, awfully surprised. But she overcame her fear with gentle dignity.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the trespasser. "I am afraid I frightened you."

Agnes blushed. She always blushed when she was interested. It didn't mean anything, but it was more effective.

"Oh! that's all right," she said sweetly. "Of course, it did startle me. We are so used to having the woods to ourselves."

"Then I'm trespassing. The stream was very alluring to a fisherman. I'm sorry. You don't feel faint, do you?"

Agnes didn't feel faint.

Priscilla had come up, and was eyeing her friend with a severe expression. She was never quite sure what Agnes would do next.

The stranger was extremely good to look at. Even Prescilla admitted this. His suit of corduroy was worn and shabby, the soft felt hat was battered, but the man was beyond doubt a gentleman, and the frank boyishness and good nature in the handsome sun-browned face were quite admirable.

"I wonder if you would mind telling me,"—the eyes were still fixed upon Agnes' blushes and a faint touch of red had crept into his own tanned cheeks, "You see, I'm a stranger here, I've been tramping, fishing, loafing and sketching for three weeks, and today I lost my way. I wonder if you would mind telling me how far I am from Winterville?"

Priscilla noted a gleam of delight in her chum's face, and her uneasiness increased.

"It is far from here?"

Agnes thought.

"About ten miles."

She generously added four miles to the road between farm and village, but Priscilla held her peace.

"Really. Well, that's rather a walk for a tired man. Is there a hotel at Winterville?"

Agnes shook her head.

"Do you know of a farm-house in the neighborhood where they would let me stay over night?"

"We take summer boarders," said Agnes. "Our room is vacant just now, and if you think you can be comfortable—"

Priscilla's mouth shut with a snap and she shook with the fear of what was to come.

"Agnes, don't you think—" she began feebly, but Agnes brushed the coming objection aside.

"We will show you the way to the house, and you can look at the room," she said in a business-like manner.

"My name is King," he said courteously. "When I'm not a tramp I'm a New York lawyer. It's awfully good of you to be willing to take 'me in."

Agnes' dignity was quite imposing.

"This is my cousin, Miss Montgomery. My name is Harrison. Our aunt is usually with us to superintend things but she was called away for Sunday. It is too bad she will not be at home to attend to your comfort."

A vision of Aunt Hannah in the role of ministering angel plunged Priscilla into a violent fit of coughing.

The three turned back along the wood path, Priscilla leading the way. Her heart was in her throat. This prank was really too mad. Behind her Agnes and the tramp chatted gaily.

In the orchard, Priscilla found a chance for a word in the sinner's ear.

"It's dreadful," she murmured. "Do get rid of him! Marie will tell, and your aunt will be crazy!"

"Don't worry about Marie. She adores me. She'll be as mute as a stone figure. He will go Monday morning, Aunt Hannah doesn't come until Monday afternoon. To think that I called country life slow!"

Marie, looking like a hypnotized idiot, showed Mr. King up to his room.

Agnes and Priscilla were left alone.

"Aunt Hannah will surely find out."

"I intend to tell her myself. Marie would be hung before she would tell. She thinks it's like a book."

"Oh! it will do her all the good in the world. She's had a very dull gray time. A splash of purple will brighten up her landscape, and, anyway, my dear, you wouldn't turn a weary traveler away from your door."

The supper was unquestionably a success. Agnes in a pink and white organdie dress was the center of attraction. The boarder confessed defeat without a struggle, and Priscilla knowing what this meant resigned herself to a lonely Sabbath.

After supper she retreated to the parlor to read and fight mosquitoes by an ill smelling lamp, where a murmur of conversation punctuated with laughter floated in to her from the moonlit world outside.

At half past nine Agnes came in.

"Mr. King is going to stay out and smoke for awhile. He'll bolt the front door when he comes in. Pris, you do look so sulky. Stop it and come to bed. Anybody can see at a glance that he is a gentleman. He said your profile is pure Greek, Pris."

Priscilla rather liked her profile, herself. She slightly relented, and by the time the two had climbed the stairs, harmony reigned.

The boarder, smoking out under the elm trees and thinking long thoughts about golden hair, gray eyes and dimples, smiled as muffled bursts of laughter from behind the curtains drawn across a lighted window disturbed the hush of the night.

"You are going to help me get those lines?" Agnes asked the next morning after breakfast.

"Of course."

"The pond is quite a mile away."

The distance did not weaken her resolve.

"But it's a beautiful walk, you'll enjoy it."

The three wandered out on the front porch.

From the road came the thud of horse's hoofs and a clatter of wheels. Agnes eyed the approaching cloud of dust.

"We do need rain," she said, then suddenly every muscle in her face and body stiffened.

Through the dust she had caught a glimpse of a familiar erect figure in black. She seized the boarder's arm wildly and dragged him inside the door.

Amazed, bewildered, he stared at her terrified face and allowed her to push him toward the dining-room.

"Miss Harrison—What is it?" he exclaimed.

"Aunt Hannah!"

Horror saturated the two words.

"Out the back door", she gasped.

Priscilla ran to stop Aunt Hannah at the front if possible.

Opening and shutting his mouth, in vain effort to demand explanation,

he hurried on into the kitchen.

"Marie, Aunt Hannah is coming. She's most here!"

The cook's lower jaw dropped.

"Oh Lord!" she groaned.

"Take him out through the grape arbor and across the berry-patch. Come back just as soon as he's in the woods."

"B-b-but," stammered the boarder. Marie clutched him with a strong, soapy hand.

He went, uncomprehendingly, but recognizing in a vague way the urgency of quick action.

"But may I write you?" came back over his shoulder as Marie hustled him toward the arbor.

"Yes, do write, but run, now. Oh, please run!"

He ran.

"Carry's eloped!" announced Priscilla as Agnes reached the front porch.

"No!" Agnes' face wore an expression of relief.

Aunt Hannah untied her bonnet strings viciously.

"Clear gone when I got there. She's crazy, plumb crazy! She comes out of my will tomorrow."

"How'd you get along?"

"Nicely," Agnes' face was crimson.

"Where's Marie?"

"In the backyard."

"Well, I'll go change my dress."

She vanished into the bedroom and the two girls went out into the open air to draw a long breath.

"Agnes, you said you were going to tell her."

Priscilla was as stern as an accusing angel.

Agnes fanned herself feebly.

"I will, dear, honestly I will. But I need a season of fasting and praying before I take my life in my hands."

"I'm sorry, Pris, really, I'm sorry. It was horrid of me. But wasn't it heavenly? I wonder what sort of a letter he writes?"

¶ Marie tiptoed around a corner of the house like a stealthy hippopotamus.

"S-sh!" she hissed. "He's gone to Winterville. He gave me five dollars.

"S-sh."

With a gesture she disappeared.

"As I prophesied in prehistoric times," said Agnes, "a touch of purple does brighten Marie's landscape wonderfully."



Locals

THE CO-SOCIETY DEBATE

On Saturday evening, May the ninth, the annual co-society debate was given in the auditorium of Student's Building. The officers were Miss Mary Bradley, president, and Miss Carolyn Mercer, Secretary. The query was:—Resolved that Congress should enact a law providing for the conscription of farm labor for the duration of the war.

The debaters were,

Affirmative:

Elsie Yarborough,
Lula Martin McIver,

Negative:

Marjorie Mendenhall,
Mary Winn Abernathy.

A thorough knowledge of and interest in the vital question of the wartime labor policy of the United States was shown by all debaters. Miss Mendenhall's well organized speech gave every one a new understanding of the question, while her rebuttal showed how well she had mastered the subject. The direct, forceful delivery of Miss McIver held her point of view well before the audience. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

"THE BLUEBIRD"

On the evening of May 8th, the Adelphian Society presented Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" in honor of the

Cornelian Society. The setting on the stage of the open air theatre was a simple woodland scene which added greatly to Miss Mary Louise Scales' reading of the play. Her interpretation of the various characters was splendid; the ease with which she changed from the hollow, cracked voice of the old fairy to the high, childish treble of the two children was truly remarkable. The exquisite interpretive dances, introduced between the scenes, was another feature of the entertainment. As a climax to the wonderful performance an ethereal dance was given which left none to doubt its true name,—"The Dance of Happiness."

The program was as follows:

THE AGE OF DISCONTENT-----*Dance*
Representing the childish discontent which
Tytyl and Mytyl had before starting on their
search for the Blue Bird.

READING OF "THE BLUE BIRD"-----*Maurice Maeterlink*
Miss Mary Louise Scales

ACT I.
The Woodcutter's Cottage
SPIRITS OF THE FOREST-----*Dance*

ACT II.
Scene I—At the Fairy's
Scene II—The Land of Memory
THE LAND OF THE UNBORN CHILDREN-----*Dance*

ACT III.
SKETCH: The Palace of Night, the Palace of Happiness, and the Kingdom of the Future. The Leave-taking and Awakening.

DANCE OF HAPPINESS.

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW
Walking down through an aisle of seven hundred enthusiastically-applauding Normal girls whom she enthralled by her magnetic presence, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw received her welcome at our College this year. In the dining-

room she was welcomed again by the President of the Student's Self-government Association. To this she responded by recalling pleasant memories of her visit to us last year and by expressing her appreciation of our remembrance of her birthday. She also expressed her approval that we are taking the stand for woman suffrage which she has taken and worked for during forty long, hard years.

"War" was the subject of Dr. Shaw's speech and though she did not depart from the subject she reaffirmed our faith in the Cause of Woman Suffrage. Dr. Shaw said that women were expected to do four things to help win the war. First, they must send the boys off with a smile; second, they must keep up the morale of the nation; third, they must keep church, home, and school on their steady foundations; and fourth, they must furnish food for our army and our allies. She declared that she was willing to do her part whatever it was, provided that the men came up with their share. We are ready to match the sacrifices of the men "Over There" but it is only fair that the men at home also make sacrifices. We have "Wheatless" and "Meatless" days,—why not have "Smokeless" and "Drinkless" days? She said The women of America will stand behind Dr. Shaw's declaration, "I am willing for the government to conscript every grain of wheat in the U. S.—On with the Alfalfa flour!" Where do the men stand?

GRADUATING RECITALS

The first of the graduating recitals was given on April 19th, 1918, by Miss Nell Bishop, pianist. Miss Bishop's program was as follows:

SONATA APPASSIONATA, OP. 57	Beethoven
Allegro assai	
Andante con moto	
Allegro ma non troppo—Presto	
VIENNA CARNIVAL SCENES, OP. 26	Schumann
NOCTURNE IN F SHARP MAJOR, OP. 15, No. 2	Chopin
ETUDE IN G FLAT, OP. 10, No. 5	
MARCHE MILITAIRE	Schubert-Tausig
CONCERTO IN E MINOR (First Movement),	Chopin
(Orchestral Parts on Second Piano, Miss Claire Henley)	
MISS SUSAN GREEN	
SONATA CHARACTERISTIC — Farewell, Absence and Return, OP. 81	Beethoven
Farewell—Adagio—Allegro	
Absence—Andante espressivo	
Return—Vivacissimamente	
THEME AND VARIATIONS IN B FLAT, OP. 142, No. 3	Schubert
THE BIRD AS PROPHET	
EVENING	Schumann
ROMANCE IN F SHARP	
WEDDING DAY AT TROLDAUGEN	Greig
CONCERTO IN G MINOR (First Movement)	Mendelssohn
(Orchestral Parts on Second Piano, Mr. Brown)	
MISS BELLE BULLOCK	
SONATA PATHETIQUE, OP. 13	Beethoven
Grave—Allegro molto e con brio	
Adagio cantabile	
Rondo—Allegro	
WHEN CELIA SINGS	Moir
Miss Severson at the Piano.	
NOCTURNE	Grieg
MARCH OF THE DWARFS	
GONDOLIERA	Liszt
INVITATION TO THE DANCE	Weber
CONCERTO IN F MINOR, OP. 79	Weber
Tempo di Marcia	
Piu mosso—Presto assai	
(Orchestral Parts on Second Piano, Mr. Brown)	

In the auditorium on May 1, 1918, Miss Florine Rawlins of the Class of 1918 rendered the following splendid vocal program:

ANIA—REJOICE GREATLY (Messiah)	Handel
Prof. G. Scott-Hunter at the Organ.	
(a) THOU ART SO LIKE A FLOWER	
(b) DEDICATION	Schumann
(c) LOVE THOUGHTS	

WALTZ SONG (Romeo and Juliet)	Gounod
POLONAISE IN E MINOR	MacDowell

SONG CYCLE—SAYONARA	Cadman
(a) I Saw Thee First Wheu Cherries Bloomed	
(b) At the Feast of the Dead I Watched Thee	
(c) All My Heart is Ashes	
(d) The Wild Dove Cries	
Sara All at the Piano.	

LO! HEAR THE GENTLE LARK (Old English)	Bishop
MOTHER PLEASE EXPLAIN (Old French)	Arranged by
CAPRICIOUS SHEPHERD MAID (Old French)	Weckerlin
Kathryn M. Severson at the Piano.	

The last of the piano recitals was given in the auditorium May 8, 1918, by Miss Ruth Reade.

SONATA PATHETIQUE, OP. 13	Beethoven
Grave—Allegro di moto e con brio	
—Adagio cantabile	
Rondo—Allegro	
(a) One who has yearned alone	Tschaikowsky
(b) Silent Safety	Franz
Miss Severson at the Piano.	

POLONAISE IN C MINOR	Chopin
SOUZ BOIS	Staub
MARCH, OP. 91, NO. 4	Raff
RONDO FROM CONCERTO IN D MINOR	Mozart

(Orchestral Parts on Second Piano, Mr. Brown)

Y. W. C. A.

A Voyage to the Island of Sans Souci

After a protracted siege of examinations it was refreshing for the Seniors to receive the following invitation: "There's a white, white ship a sailin' To a land of peace and rest,

Where savin' food and exams are both unknown.

This good ship sails on Tuesday,

The gang-plank's pulled at five, Heave Ho! we're off to a true Sans Souci zone."

On Tuesday afternoon the winds bade fair for a pleasant sail as the Seniors embarked on this good ship which was manned by a competent crew, the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. The marine band played a farewell to those who wistfully watched from the dock, the passengers settled down with a feeling of "no more land for six days" and the vessel was off.

Captain Lucy Crisp welcomed the passengers on board and the ship doctor, Bess Stacey, made her rounds administering chocolate and cocoanut antidotes for sea-sickness.

All was very calm and peaceful, there having been no storms or encounters with submarines, when, suddenly, the passengers were horror-stricken to see the fierce Captain Kidd himself appear on deck. He, with sword in hand, demanded a list of the counties of North Carolina, the penalty for non-compliance to the demand would be "the plank walk" for all on board. A racking of brains ensued but because they were Seniors an "intelligence test" of this sort was by no means difficult. To Marguerite Galloway the crew presented a thrift stamp for having the most perfect list.

Then was heard the cry, "Land, land," and Sans Souci Island appeared. After the landing, a welcome was given by the queen of the Island, Mary Louise Scales, after which there was a most bountiful feast, for this Island food conservation is unknown.

Not until the night wind began playing in the tops of the fronded palms of the island did the merry company pack up their troubles, which they had put aside; and then they were "Homeward Bound."

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The first inter-society oratorical contest was held on the evening of May the eighteenth when three Adelphians and three Cornelians delivered able discussions of various sides of the subject, *The New America*. The speeches were well thought out, and each orator showed that she had been thinking in no narrow terms of both national and international problems. The subject was discussed from the standpoint of economics, of social relationship, of mental rebirth, of physical efficiency, education, and of newly awakened religious fervor.

The orators were: Cornelian—Lucile Page, Ella Meade Seawell and Ida Gordner; Adelphian—Willard Goforth, Roberta Strudwick and Sybil Barrington.

The decision of the judges stated that Miss Meade Seawell was the ablest of the orators, Miss Lucile Page next and Miss Willard Goforth third. Miss Seawell held and swayed her large audience as none but a true orator can, and we feel that she gave us a part of her self in her oration. We are sorry to loose Miss Seawell from the student body.

We feel that the oratorical contest is a step toward much needed training in *Public Speaking*, which is, as yet, not offered at all at the College.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

On the evening of May 18, the Class of 1918 held its class day exercises on the front campus. Just as the sun was setting, the members of the class each dressed in dainty white walked, between the lines of Juniors carrying the daisy chain. A charming program was presented. One of the features of which was the presentation of the

prophecies which were within white roses, by Miss Frances Stern, the exquisite little class mascot. The program closed with farewell song, written by Misses Mary Gordon and Nell Bishop. The song was sung by the class with the Soprano obligato taken by Miss Florine Rawlins.

Sunday Morning

At eleven o'clock, on the morning of May 19, the annual baccalaureate sermon was preached to the graduating class by the well-known Dr. O'Kelly of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh. His well chosen text and inspiring sermon will be long remembered, not only by the members of the class, but also by the large number of out of town hearers.

Sunday Evening

Dr. Rondthaler of Winston-Salem gave the annual Sunday evening sermon to the senior class on May 19. The splendid service was held in the open air theatre in Peabody Park, as has been the custom for many years. Dr. Rondthaler has long been loved by students of the college and on this occasion they were not disappointed in him. His talk on the "Land of Somewhere Else," given with his splendid voice showed all of his wonderful spirit and magnetic personality. Truly the seniors were fortunate in securing again their old friend, Dr. Rondthaler.

Cavalleria Rusticana

On Monday evening, May 20, the annual commencement concert was given in students building. The feature of the program was the presentation, in concert form, of Pietro Mascagni's grand opera, *Cavalleria Rusti-*

cana. The well-known soloists, John W. Nichols, tenor and Overton Moyle, baritone, most ably and effectively sang the parts of Turiddu and Alfio, while our own singers, Miss Severson, Miss Lulsdorff and Mrs. Brown splendidly supplied the other parts. The chorus, under Mr. Brown's direction did excellent work, while Mr. George Scott-Hunter, at the organ, was at his best. After the opera, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Moyle gave two very delightful numbers of their own. At the close of the program, a patriotic demonstration was carried through. This was a successive unfurling of the flags of the allies, Belgium, Italy, Japan, France, and Great Britain, by representative figures as the appropriate national songs were sung. At the last, a large American flag was raised at the center of the tableau. Before this appeared, on a dias, the stern figure of Columbia, with drawn sword. The enthusiastic singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the chorus and audience closed the most brilliant performance that Mr. Brown has given here in many years.

DR. NORMAN ANGELL

The address to the graduating class on Tuesday morning was delivered by Dr. Norman Angell, the English economist, scholar and writer. Dr. Angell spoke to a house crowded and their expectations for a new and brilliant viewpoint of the present situation were not disappointed. Dr. Angell said that first and foremost we must understand that, regardless of the peace terms, nothing would be accomplished by the war unless we, the noncombatants, built a new world along social and economic relationships in which it would be impossible for the past to repeat itself. Dr. Angell then gave us glimpses of the many situations which will face us in the creation of this new world. One of his most arresting challenges was the statement that when the men whose lives had been conscripted and endangered for the national and social welfare come back they would demand that wealth be conscripted and endangered social welfare; that these men would probably demand the abolition of private property. Many other glimpses into the future Dr. Angell gave us, leaving us to answer them as we would.



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

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